

A N E L E G Y

Upon the DEATH of that HOLY, REVEREND and LEARNED Minister of CHRIST,
M^r RICHARD BAXTER,

Who in the 77th Year of his Age departed this Life *Decemb.* the 8th 1691.

By **N. U N C E N T** Minister of the Gospel, a true Mourner at his F U N E R A L.

Bless't Man! In singing forth thine *Elegy*,
Now every *Muse* should turn * *Melpomene*!
There's not an Eye, that saw what's worth;
but will.
For loss of *Thee*, a showre of Tears distill
Who would thy *Life* in Truth describe, must tell,
Its *Length*, and *Usefulness*, was *Miracle*.
That *Tongue*, by which, Thy *Parts* and *Grace* are shown,
Must be an *Angels*, or one like thy own.
He that did with th' *Apostle Paul* to hear,
Thy powerful *Preaching*, *Praying*, if his Ear
Had once been bless't with: this would granted be,
Only *Inspired Ones* excelled *Thee*!
Thy *Office* ~~take thee~~ *Star*; and truly *None*,
Brighter than *Thou*, in this last age, ~~the~~ *None*.
The *Sun* of *Righteousness* did sure dispense
Such *Light* to *Thee*, with so great *Influence*
The *Prince* of *Darkness* was (how often!) foil'd;
H's strongest *Holds* thrown down! his *Weapons* spoil'd!
Thy *Spiritual Father*, a large *Off-spring* call;
Thy *Crown* thy *Glory*, and thy *Joy*; these all
Will at the last be found; and *These* with *Thee*
Will live, love, praise unto *Eternity*!

* *Melpomene*
was the weep-
ing Muse of
the Nine.

Thou didst aloud the *Unconverted Call*;
Heaven bless't thee with *Success*, so that the fall
Of *Many* into *Hell* was hinder'd; Greater skill,
To win *Souls* to thy *Lord*; and to his *Will*
To subject them; Who in *this Age* has had?
The worst of all the *Ages* that were bad.
Hard Hearts before *Thee* melted, and their *Grief*
Was *Angels Joy*, when some of *Sinners chief*
Repented; then *Heavens Sons* were glad to see
Those so near *Hell*, snatch'd out of *Misery*.

Thou wast the *Worlds Eclipse*; Thy noble flight
Towards the things *Eternal*, out of sight
Of *Mortal Eye*: was to the *Worldlings shame*,
And strong *Conviction*. *Conscience* did them blame,
Because their *Hearts* were plac'd on, what thy *Feet*
Did trample under, as it was most meet;
Earth's *Vanities* deserv'd no better treat.
Thy *Faith* did make *Thee* *Mammon's Conquerour*
Wealth, *Pleasure*, *Honour*; even the whole *Worlds store*
Was in thine *Eye* contemptible and poor.
This *Age* of *Infidels* might plainly see
That *Christ* did dye, and rose again, in *Thee*!

How wondrous was thy *Art* (when *Hearts* did groan
Burthen'd with *Sin* and *Sorrow*; making moan,
Because of *Wounds intolerable*) to apply
That * *Panacea* of *Iniquity*,
The *Blood* of *Jesus Christ*! Thou didst divide
The *Word* aright, and most exactly guide,
That trouble might be true; yet not exceed
Due Measure and o'rewhelm: when once the need

Panacea signi-
fies an univer-
sal Medicine
curing every
Malady.

Of *Christ* and *Grace* was seen, sweet was thy *Word*
Reviving, *Comfort*, *Peace*, it did afford.
The *Merciful High Priest* did *Thee* employ,
And no man more, to make them reap in joy,
Who sow'd in tears. Now surely at thy *Grave*
Tears would become a *Deluge*; where to have
Relief, we should not know, but that we all
In thy *Divine Discourses* practical;
Thee living, breathing, speaking still may find,
Though dead, This *Treasure* Thou hast left behind.

In *Controversies Theological*,
Thy skill was great; the *Adversaries* all
Of *Truth* and *Thee*, thou easily didst confound,
And unto *Error* give a mortal *Wound*.
A readier *Disputant* who ever was?
Thou wast through the *Schools of Learning* pass.
Both *Universities* may sing and praise
That neither from *Thee* honour can receive!
But though Thou wast so able to defend
The *Cause of Truth*, yet once to see an end
Of *strife* and *wrangling*, was thy *Heart's desire*:
Strife, thou well knew'st, is a consuming fire.
'Tis thy great glory, in this *wrangling Age*,
When *Pride*, *Malignity*, and *brutish Rage*
Are all so high, Thou wert a *Man of Peace*.
That sharp *Contentions* in the *Church* might cease,
Was thy desire in *praying*, and thy aim
In *Preaching*, *Writing*, *Blessed* we proclaim
Thee from thy *Lord's own Mouth*. Thou sparedst none Matth. 5. 9.
The real *Faults*, on every side, were shew'n:
Thy *Wisdom* was without *Hypocrisy*,
Because it had not *Partiality*.

Thy *Patience* in *Affliction*, and thy *Faith*,
Had exercise sufficient; yet who saith
That either fail'd, would wrong thee. Surely *He*
Whose *Arms* all things uphold, did sustain thee!
To preach, pray, study, praise, though in great pain,
As Thou didst, was peculiar: Ah! 'tis vain
To seek thy *Equal*, who does bear the *Rod*
So well, and does so very much for *God*!

But *Death* has eas'd *Thee* of all thy pain,
Nor *Sin*, nor *Trouble*, shalt thou feel again.
The *King of Terrors*, the last *Enemy*,
Long look't for, was not *Terrible* to *Thee*.
When *Usher*, *Gataker*, and *Vines* did sleep,
Thou saidst *Three Nations* should consent to weep:
Let these three *Kingdoms* joyn in doleful moan,
The *Tears* of *All*, Thy *Death* deserves alone.

Sæcula vix referent, quem tulit una dies.